

Sweetheart Primeval

Tarzan's Creator Tells His Newest and Best Story

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Author of "TARZAN OF THE APES," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Nu, a cave man, lives and is loved by Nat-ul, a prehistoric woman of wondrous beauty. Nat-ul is also loved by Hui, a fellow-cave man. In Nu's temporary absence on a hunting trip the tribe decides to migrate. During the time of Nu's absence, Hui and Nu return home, find Nat-ul gone, and start off in a swift pursuit. Nat-ul kills Hui and then hides for the night in a cave. Leaving her shelter in the morning, she is escorted by a savage, Tur by name, who leads her away to the lands of his tribe. She flees before his pursuit. Nu, following, sees their footprints in the soft earth. At a point near the sea, Nat-ul's footprints vanish as though she had been snatched up into the air. This is just what has befallen her. A huge prehistoric bird has seized her and borne her to a cliff on the far shore of the lake, leaving her there. Gasping, Nat-ul awakes safely in the jungle. Nu is captured by savages, who tie him to a stake. Through the kindness of a white wife, Tur, the husband of the woman who has taken Nu, he is freed. He and Grou flee from the savages and climb high cliffs to avoid their pursuers.

CHAPTER XII.

(Continued.)

The Great Carnivore.

WITH renewed speed they dashed straight toward the foot of the cliff, but Nu and Grou were beyond the reach of their hands before they arrived. Turning for an instant, Nu saw the back-thrown spear-hands.

They were not yet out of reach of the weapons. He reached down with his right hand and picked up a loose bit of rock, hurling it toward the nearest spearman. The missile struck its target full upon the forehead, crumpling him to an inert mass.

Then Nu scrambled upward again, and before the herd could recover from their surprise he had dragged Grou out of range of the spears.

Squatting upon a narrow ledge, the woman at his side, Nu hurled insulting epithets at his pursuers. These he punctuated with well-timed and equally well-aimed rocks, until the yelling herd were glad to retreat to a safer distance.

The enemy did not even venture the attempt to follow the fugitives.

It was evident that they were no better climbers than Grou. Nu held them in supreme contempt. Had he but a good ax he would descend and annihilate the whole crew!

Grou, sitting close beside Nu, was filled with wonder, and something more than wonder, that this enemy should have risked so much to save her, for at the bottom of the cliff Nu had evidently forgotten for the instant that the woman was not of his own breed, able to climb equally as well as he, and had ascended a short distance before he had discovered that Grou was scrambling futilely for a foothold at the bottom.

Then, in the face of the advancing foe, he had descended to her side, risking capture and death in the act, and had hoisted her to a point of safety far up the cliff face.

Tur would never have done so much.

The woman, stealing stealthy glances at the profile of the young giant beside her, felt her sentiments undergoing a strong metamorphosis. Nu was no longer her enemy.

He protected her, and now she looked to him for protection with greater assurance of receiving it than ever she had looked to Tur for the same thing.

She knew that Nu would forage for her—upon him she depended for food as well as protection.

She had never looked for more from her mate. Her mate! She stole another half-sly glance at Nu.

Ah, what a mate he would have been! And why not? They were alone in the world, separated from their people, doubtless, forever. Grou suddenly realized that she hoped that it was forever.

She wondered what was passing in Nu's mind.

Apparently the man was wholly occupied with the joys of insulating the threatening savages beneath him; but yet his thoughts were busy with plans for escape. And why?

Solely because he yearned for his own land and his father's people? Far from it. Nu might have been happy upon this island forever had there been another there in place of Grou. He thought of Nat-ul—no other woman occupied his mind, and his plans for escape were solely means for returning to the mainland and again taking up his search for the daughter of Tur.

For an hour the herd remained in the clearing near the foot of the cliff; then, evidently tiring of the fruitless hunt, they collected their scattered herd and disappeared in the wood toward the direction from which they had come.

A half-hour later Nu ventured down. He had discovered a cave in the face of the cliff, and there he left Grou, telling her that he would fetch food for her, since in case of pursuit he could escape more easily alone than when burdened with her.

After a short absence he returned with both food and drink, the latter carried in the bladder that always hung from his girdle. He had seen nothing of the herd or the maidens for spear and axe heads that he had desired.

A COMPLETE NOVEL EACH WEEK IN THE EVENING WORLD

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD

Garrison's Finish

By W. B. M. FERGUSON

saw the teeth of the Lake Dwellers close upon juicy aurochs-steaks, while others opened shell fish and devoured their contents raw, throwing the shells into the water below them.

But, hungry though he was for meat, the objects of his particular desire were the long spear, the battle-axe and the sharp knife of the hairy giant standing guard upon the narrow causeway.

Upon him Nu's eyes rested the oftentimes. He saw the villagers, the evening meal consumed and the scraps tossed into the water beneath their awnings, engaged in noisy gossip about their fires.

Children romped and tumbled perilously close to the edges of the platforms.

Youths and maidens strolled to the darkest corners of the village and, leaning over the low rails above the water, conversed in whispers. Loud-voiced warriors recounted for the twentieth time the details of past valorous deeds. The younger mothers, in little circles, gossiped with much nodding of heads, while the white-haired, toothless and white-haired, but still erect and agile in token of the rigid primitive laws which governed survival of the fittest, busied themselves with the care of the older children and various phases of the simple household economy which devolved upon them.

The evening drew on into darkness, and the lights of the village faded to their skin-covered, grass palisades. For another half-hour the elders remained about the fires; then, by twos and threes, they went to their huts and the interior of the huts and sleep.

Quiet settled upon the village, and still Nu, hidden in the reeds beside the lake, watched the nearest guard, who he waited until he had crept up to their skin-covered, grass palisades. For another half-hour the elders remained about the fires; then, by twos and threes, they went to their huts and the interior of the huts and sleep.

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which she had not previously been accustomed. Among her own people these things would have seemed signs of weakness upon the part of a man, but Grou knew that no talent of weakness lay behind that noble exterior.

Long into the night she sat gazing at her eyes and ears through the darkness for the first intimation of his return. At last, when he had not come, she commenced to feel apprehension. He had gone out unarmed through the savage land to wrest weapons from the enemy.

Already he might be dead; yet Grou found it hard to believe that he could overcome that mighty physique.

Toward morning she became hopeless, and crawling within the cave curled up upon the grasses that Nu had gathered for her, and slept. It was several hours after dawn when she was awakened by a sound from the camp, which she knew to be the spearhead against the rocky face of the cliff as it trailed along in the wake of a climbing man.

As Grou saw who it was that came she gave a little cry of joy, braving the dangers of the perilous declivity to meet him.

He looked up with a smile, exhibiting his captured weapons as he came. He noted the changed expression upon the woman's face—a smile of welcome that rendered her countenance quite radiant.

He had never before taken the time to appraise Grou's personal appearance, and now it was with a sense of surprise that was almost a shock to her that she perceived him to be both young and good-looking. But this surprise was as nothing by comparison with that which followed, for no sooner had Grou reached him than she threw her arms about his neck, and before he realized her intent had dragged her lips to his.

Nu disengaged himself with a laugh. He did not leave Grou's head, but he wholly Nat-ul's, and his whole mind was occupied with plans for returning to his own country, where he might continue his search for her.

To Tur he threw his arms about his neck, and before he realized her intent had dragged her lips to his.

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betas the average modern when once he loses his bearings, preventing any semblance of rational thought in the establishment of his whereabouts.

Nat-ul knew that they had not turned toward the north once after they had left the shore, and so she knew that the mainland could not be upon their left.

Therefore the surf upon that hand must be breaking upon the shore of one of the islands that she only too well knew lay off the mainland. Which of the islands they were approaching she could not guess, but by number of them she was sufficiently horrible in her estimation.

Nat-ul planned quickly against the emergency which confronted her. She knew, or thought, that the man had brought her here where she would be utterly helpless in his power. Her people could not follow them. There would be none to succor or avenge.

Tur was wielding his paddle rapidly and vigorously now. He shot the boat just ahead of an enormous roller that presently caught and lifted it upon its crest, carrying it swiftly up the beach.

As the keel touched the sand Tur leaped out and dragged the craft as far up as he could, while the wave receded to the ocean.

Nat-ul stepped out upon the beach, but her hand was held the paddle. Tur came toward her. He saw her close, and even in the darkness she saw his features and recognized them. He reached toward her arm to seize her.

"Come," he said. "Come to your mate." Like a flash the crude, heavy paddle rolled over Nat-ul's shoulder, cleaving the air downward toward the man's head.

Tur, realizing his danger, leaped to the beach, but the point of the blade struck his forehead a glancing blow. The man reeled drunkenly for a second, stumbled forward, and fell full upon his face on the wet sand.

The instant that the blade touched her tormentor Nat-ul dropped the paddle, dodged past the man, and snatched like a frightened deer toward the black shadows of the jungle above the beach.

The next great roller washed in across the prostrate form of Tur. It rolled over him, and as it reached him toward the sea it dragged him with it; but the wave revived him, and he came coughing and struggling to his feet on the beach beyond the reach of the greedy sea. He had laid his hands upon Nat-ul then she would have died beneath his choking fingers. But he did not lay hands upon her. For Nat-ul was already safely ensconced in a tree just within the shadows of the jungle.

At daylight she was as safe as a bird in the nest, and a thousand miles separated them. A half-hour later Nu and Grou, a mile further inland, were clambering into another tree. Nat-ul could have but known it, what doubt, despair and suffering she might have been spared.

Tur ran down the beach in the direction in which he thought he heard the sound of the fleeing woman. Yes, there she was. Tur recalled his speed.

His quarry was just beneath a tree at the edge of the jungle. The man leaped forward with an exclamation of savage satisfaction—that died upon his lips, frozen by the horrid roar of a lion.

Tur turned and fled. The thing he had thought was Nat-ul proved to be a huge cat-monster standing over the corpse of his kill.

Fortunate for Tur was it that the beast already had its supper before it. It did not pursue the frightened man, and so Tur reached the safety of a nearby tree, where he crouched, shaking and trembling, throughout the balance of the night.

She was a bold hunter and a fisherman—he was not of the stock of Nu and Nat-ul, the hunters of savage beasts, the precursors of warrior nations yet unborn.

CHAPTER XV. The Other Woman.

IT was late in the morning when Nat-ul awoke. She peered through the foliage in every direction, but could see no sign of Tur. Cautiously she descended to the ground. Upon the beach, not far separated, she saw two boats.

To whom could the other belong? Naturally to some of the Boat Builders. Then there were other enemies upon the island besides Tur. She looked up and down the beach.

There was no sign of man or beast. If she could but reach the boats she could push them through the surf and some way, dragging one, paddle the other way from the island. This would leave no means of pursuit to her enemies.

That she could reach the mainland she had not the slightest doubt, but she had not the slightest doubt.

She heard the beast growling shrilly as it paced along the brow of the cliff above her, now stopping occasionally to lower its jaws over the edge and sniff at her, and again reaching down a mighty paw whose great talons clawed desperately to seize her, covering but a few inches above her head.

For an hour or more this lasted until the hungry cat, baffled and disgruntled, waded down into the jungle in search of other prey, leaving her as he went in deep-throated roars.

Nat-ul felt along the ledge to right and left with her fingers. The face of the rock was weather-worn, but not polished as would have been true were the ledge the accustomed pathway of padded feet.

(To Be Continued.)

By Eleanor Schorer

TUMBLE TOM—He Is Pursued by the Angry Giant



Yumble, tumble; Tom whirled through the downy space which surrounds Bylowland. One more tumble and he was greeting his friends, the Queen of Hearts, the Pied Piper, Jack-of-the-Bean-stalk and the marvelous hen. Off they started, glad to leave the onified giant behind.

Upon the road the happy, free hen laid many a golden egg, which Tom picked up and put into his pocket. Soon all their pockets were laden with the useless gold. They stumbled and staggered under the weight, wishing that the eggs were edible, for all were very hungry.

With flames flashing from his angry nostrils, the giant, about to raise his spiked club and crush the whole house with one terrible blow, suddenly staggered, gasped and fell, while the gleeful hen cackled overhead. For a golden egg, dropping, had struck the vulnerable spot in the middle of his forehead.

GOING AWAY FOR THE SUMMER? Remember The Evening World prints each week a complete up-to-date novel—a week's reading! Have The Evening World sent to your summer address.